

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 4. 1st June, 1940.





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## TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 13. No. 4



1st June, 1940

Established 1858

Chairman: W. W. HILL

Treasurer:
S. E. CHATTERTON

Committee:
H. C. BARTLEY
GEORGE CHIENE
DAVID A. CRAIG
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD

Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

T ATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 14th September, 1940.

## The Club Man's Diary

June Birthdays:—Mr. Hans Robertson, 7th; Mr. S. Baker, 9th; Messrs. A. E. Bailey and C. E. Young, 11th; Mr. E. J. Watt, 13th; Dr. J. C. B. Allen, 17th; Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward, 18th; Messrs. C. M. W. Purves and N. Schureck, 19th; Mr. F. G. Underwood, 20th; Mr. J. W. Plaskitt, 22nd; Messrs. A. J. Genge and C. A. Shepherd, 29th.

With the compliments of the sneeze-on:—

I am weary of the season yet already I am pining for the sunshine left behind me.

From the wheezes and the sneezes I'm unsteady,

Plus the chills and all the ills the cold's assigned me.

Packing ice at ev'ry touch, a frozen greeting.

Wizened Winter's grip is far from ever kindly.

But, an end to all inconsequential bleating—

Name the drink and show the way
—I'll follow blindly.

Latest club with which Tatter-sall's Club has come to a reciprocal arrangement is the Terminal City Club, Vancouver, Canada. It was established in 1893, and is numbered among the best clubs of its type overseas. There, accredited members of Tattersall's Club on tour will be warmly welcomed, and a similar reception will be accorded members of the Terminal City Club visiting these shores.

On the second anniversary of the death of Sir John Dunningham, May 26, the John Dunningham Memorial Ward for Children attached to the Eastern Suburbs Hospital was opened officially. So has been perpetuated the memory of one whose heart had been ever filled with charity—the charity of which St. Paul spoke—and whose love of children called up the Master's blessing, as poetised by Brunton Stephens:

As ye did it unto these, To Me ye did it, Enter ye into the glory of our Lord. As chairman of the Fund, Mr. W. W. Hill presided, and those present included Lady Dunningham, the Premier (Mr. Mair), the M.H.R. for the district (Mr. Harrison) and the M.L.A. for the district (Mr. Martin).

The Premier unveiled a commemorative tablet at the entrance.

Lady Dunningham, widow of Sir John Dunningham, opened the building with a gold key that had been presented her as a memento.

The ward cost £5,350. Of that £2,750 had been subscribed to the fund by the public, and the balance of £2,600 had been contributed by the Government.

\* \* \*

At the Annual General Meeting of members, held on the 15th May, the result of the ballot for the election of four members to serve on the committee for two years resulted:—

Chiene, G	 737	votes
Craig, D. A	 579	,,
Matthews, A. J	 795	,,
Roles, J. A	 737	,,
Smith, W. I	 532	••

The first four were declared elected.

\* \* \*

The new member of the committee, Mr. Dave Craig, is one of Sydney's best known people. That is because of his commercial interests. But in measure only. Equally he commands prominence because of his kindly endowed nature. That goes for his cheerfulness, too. You cannot possibly be in the dumps in the company of Dave Craig. He has the art of keeping conversation to a bright pitch, of shutting out "shop" in the social hour. He can be very serious about business, but doesn't mix his subjects or spoil his occasions. When you drink with him he spills a refreshing optimism into your glass. Every quaff makes you feel better, and think better of Dave Craig.

What Tattersall's Club accomplished in patriotic service in the previous war is a worthy chapter in its history. Nothing is regarded with greater pride. A call was answered. A duty was fulfilled.

The need to repeat that splendid achievement is even greater to-day.

Stressing those facts after presenting trophies in connection with the James Barnes Plate, the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) invited members to record another such accomplishment by contributing through their club to patriotic funds, war loans, and so forth.

It is good that the club should be a rallying ground, that it should be identified with patriotic contributions by its members, because the club has a tradition to maintain through its members.

All contributions made through the medium of the club, the Chairman emphasised, would be acknowledged through the recognised public channels. The point is that the Club and its members go forward together.

This is quite logical and should appeal to all having club pride and club loyalty.

Referring to the Race Meeting Account at the annual general meeting of members on May 15, the Chairman said that it was pleasing to record that although prize money had been increased by £2,190 for the club's race meetings at Randwick, the sum of £1,309 had been distributed among patriotic funds, hospitals and charitable institutions, leaving £360/8/6 to be transferred to Race Meeting Reserve Account, which now stood at £3,062/13/2.

The Chairman added that patriotic funds had been assisted further by results from stalls conducted by the club on Lord Mayor's Day, December 1, 1939, and Red Cross Appeal Day, March 15, 1940, to the extent of £625/6/- and £350 3/- respectively.

Mr. Hill added that the foregoing results were in keeping with the club's policy and record throughout the years and during the previous war. He quoted a prominent public servant, since retired, as having commented that the club was more than a local organisation. It was in every sense an institution.

To the level of that recognition it would be necessary that Tattersall's Club always should aspire, in these times particularly, the Chairman added.

A circular inviting members to contribute to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund, through their club, met with a most satisfactory response. The circular invited members to send 5/- or 10/- monthly to the Secretary of the club, or authorise him to debit their House Accounts with such sum each month.

Few, very few, are missing from the list, and to them a gentle reminder is given, with the knowledge that their intentions are good. But speed is the essence of the contract.

\* \* \*

We regret deeply to record the passing of two club veterans: Mr. John D. Wood, on May 21, and Mr. A. G. Donovan on May 15. Mr. Wood was made a member on December 13, 1886, and an hon. life member on February 21, 1936. Mr. Donovan was elected to membership on September 23, 1887. They were links with another century, and happy reminders of the great days that were.

#### LOST AIRMAN.

One of our machines failed to return.—British communique.

In stranger realm than ever dreamed, Or by all wanton war plots schemed

To scar the earth, you distant goal Is claiming you, oh valiant soul!

Into the dim depths fly you on, And, ere another sun has shone, Ere blood shall gush, and reddened eyes

Behold the wrack, let him who dies Be not conceived a sacrifice. . . .

Have faith. The legions that remain Shall see his spirit fly again.

-THE CLUB MAN

Mr. A. I. Cox, who died on May 20, had been a member of this club since 1927. He was a grazier of Mudgee, and a descendant of the historic family which settled in the district in the long ago. He was as straight and as clean as the stock from which he sprang.

When I was a small boy I used to hear sung a lament about Silvermine and Alec Robertson. Evidently it was featured on the vaudeville stage of the day. Recently I noticed in the Sydney press a stanza from the old song:

At the turn for the straight,
So the story is told,
Poor Robertson had his last ride.
So mark the spot well,
Where old Silvermine fell,
And the place where poor
Robertson died.

Members' sons who have joined the A.I.F. will be allowed the use of the Athletic Department only when they are accompanied by their fathers, or when they come alone, only if prior arrangements have been made with the Secretary.

Out of the mist of memory I recall other lines: "Jockey boys, jockey boys, hang down your heads," and a final tribute to Alec Robertson: "The best and the bravest of all." Has any club veteran the complete words?

Mr. Fred Wilson, A.J.C. handicapper, was good enough to look up facts which revealed that Silvermine, Invader and Vestasia had fallen at Randwick in Tattersall's Cup of 1888. Alec Robertson was Silvermine's rider. Whether he was killed outright or died as the result of injury must be left to further investigation.

The race was won by Hon. J. White's Hene, by Chester from Princess Maud.

Two very well known and respected bookmaking veterans, members of the club, passed last month: Mr. R. R. (Major) Davies at Manly, and Mr. M. J. (Mick) Healy in Mel-

bourne. Mr. Davies joined up with us in 1908, and Mr. Healy 45 years ago. They were straight fellows, grand sportsmen, free givers to all good causes. The light of their memory will continue to shine among us.

\* \*

J. F. Archibald, donor of the Archibald Prize (painting) and the Archibald Fountain, prized this among the philosophy contributed to "The Bulletin" during his Editorship: "If a man wants to sell you a horse cheap ask him why."

\* \* \*

If you look in at Sydney Town Hall, there you will see among the portraits in oils, one of a bearded John Gilpin; a sturdy-set chap, physically handsome, about him the air of a solid and practical, more than a brilliant, administrator. The portrait is that of John Harris, one of Sydney's memorable Mayors, some time in the seventies of the past century.

Reg. Harris, who died in May, and brother Vic., who predeceased Reg., were sons of John Harris, and built in massive mould of the old Mayor. Both represented N.S.W. at Rugby Union in the first decade of the new century—Reg. against England, New Zealand and Queensland; Vic. against New Zealand and Queensland. They played club football for University and Glebe (the famous "Dirty Reds").

If you question my use of "famous," recall the long list of players and match them with any playing Union (or League) to-day. Or ask Charlie Hall.

Although Reg. and Vic. did not follow in the civic footsteps of their father, in later years they developed aldermanic corporations, and it was puzzling to regard Reg. ever as having been a breakaway forward, or see Vic. in the shape of a halfback.

Feeling the chill in the air these mornings, a member suggested:—
"This is the time when we change

over from morning dip to morning nip."



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## A Day at the Races

Faced with terrific interest-engaging competition from rival shows—Blitzkrieg and Coal Strike—the crowd attracted to the May race meeting of Tattersall's Club was in the circumstances a fine response to a programme that promised, and in fact provided, attractive racing.

It was not to be expected that the volume of money would be as great as on a day of less troublous preoccupations. People could not close their eyes to realities or take on a gay abandon while so much in the workaday world was weighted down with gravity. Splashes of khaki served to remind that issues of greater consequence were up for decision elsewhere.

Such considerations contrived to restrain the crowd from wagering on a scale that a 20,000 meeting ordinarily would have guaranteed. Few people seemed disposed to shake off the influence of enveloping world events. There was always an undertone of seriousness in conversations. That may be better in the final analysis—that we should not distort our perspective of seemingly distant obligations.

\* \* \*

It is a quality peculiar to British people that they can take their sport in conjunction with the most momentous undertakings; that race meetings and games are carried on while they are up against it desperately in war. They see no reason why a surrender should be made to despair by blacking out recreation in which the spirit of the British manifests itself probably at best when the odds are damnably ominous.

Those going forward, wheel and say cheerily: "Carry on, you at home." So life goes on in British communities; so seasonal games continue to be played; race meetings are held. It's the British way, and has never been beaten yet, because the mind of the people is never diverted from the main purpose of its central undertaking.

There is only one toast at official luncheons of Tattersall's Club on race days—that of the King, submitted by the chairman in a speech of three words. Eloquence here reaches a sublime level attained rarely at the banqueting board; the eloquence of the unuttered amens of the company.

I recall the late Sir John Dunningham's emerging from the official luncheon of the Easter Show, ere speechmaking had lapsed, and gasping: "I'm just coming out of the anaesthetic."

The frightfulness of words has never been attacked adequately like any other form of oppression. Speeches are spared probably because of their being practised in high places. Yet can you conceive a predicament more afflicting than to be cut off from the exit when the last course is served and the toast list turned on with all the torture of spuming lava?

\* \* \*

The chairman of Tattersall's Club follows custom in giving but one toast at race day luncheons in the minimum number of words consistent with respectful presentation. Still, you will remember that Mr. Hill invariably economises in words, aiming more for quality and directness, leavened by felicity, than the effects produced by a pursuit of rhetoric.

All occasions find the chairman cordial and calm and possessed of the social graces. Someone said recently that his voice was never raised in any circumstances; which is a requisite of control for anyone seeking, ex cathedra, to control others.

Usually you will find that the man of few words is a man of many friendships. As a chairman he is superlative, for he makes banqueting more or less a digestible proposition, and he brings to the councils of an organisation a wisdom uncluttered by words.

We had Early Bird as an early tip on arriving at the course, because our respect for regulations had got us up bright and early to bath and to breakfast within the legal hours. Any man used to going leisurely in the morning must have been sorely tried by the new rules; but that he played the game was evident from the number of Him who broadcast their fidelity.

One self-sacrificing fellow told of how he had forgone warm shaving water, and another sent us numb with his recital of experiences under the unheated shower. Such heroism might have gone unheralded but for the first-hand stories of the survivors.

Probably they felt better after a hot bath before bedtime, and regulations be hanged!

Going out by tram to the course I read, regretfully, of the passing of Rue Cooke, one of the forwards of the 1903 and 1905 All Blacks, and champion amateur cyclist and boxer into the bargain. I informed the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) at first opportunity, and we found that we remembered a good deal about that era and the players of that era.

That 1903 N.Z. team was, in my judgment, the greatest team—and I write team advisedly—of all time. Cooke, a forward, was one of its greatest players. Also probably its hardest. It was a distinction that did not go unchallenged in Australia. There were clashes in which Cooke figured, in N.S.W. and Queensland; notably in N.S.W. with the famous Harold Judd.

Mr. Hill told me that Charley Sparkes, then hon. secretary of Newtown (with which club the chairman of Tattersall's Club of to-day then played) capitalised the Cooke-Judd episode in boosting a Newtown Club smoke concert. Word was passed round that the New

(Continued on page 7.)

# £15,000 WAR LOANS

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB Gives a Lead in the Sporting World

Under the captions "Race Club's Big Effort . . . £15,000 in War Loans . . . Fine Example by Tattersall's," "Sydney Sun" acknowledges the lead among sporting organisations which this club has given in a big and practical way.

The "Sun" added: "These decisions are in keeping with the club's record throughout the years, and particularly during the last war."

R ESPONDING to the call for practical action in this hour of the Empire's need, the Committee decided on a bold stroke of policy in full expression of the loyalty of members, and in keeping with the club's standing in the community.

The Committee's decision was to take out £10,000 worth of war savings certificates, invest £3,000 in the war loan, and to lend the Commonwealth Government £2,000 free of interest, for the duration of the war, and 12 months later.

The £10,000 worth of war savings certificates have been purchased for resale to members of the

club and members of the club's staff.

Further: The first day of the club's annual race meeting at Randwick, on December 28, will be set apart in aid of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

Plans have been formulated to institute a register of members willing to serve in voluntary capacities, such as supplying motor cars, with drivers, driver only, clerical work, messengers, and entertainment.

A sub-committee has been formed to arrange a series of entertainments in the club house in aid of patriotic funds.

#### A DAY AT THE RACES

(Continued from page 5.)

Zealander and the New South Welshman would figure in a sparring exhibition. There was a bumper attendance at smoko—but no sparring exhibition.

Cooke's reputation as a boxer preceded him, and his splendid physique proclaimed him the champion all-rounder he was. But reputation did not cow the Aussies. Cooke got as good as he gave—and, like a sportsman, took it.

\* \* \*

My neighbour at the official luncheon was the A.J.C. handicapper, Mr. G. F. Wilson. Did we talk about form? No, the conversation was all about seedlings and bulbs and debudding. Those blooms you see in Mr. Wilson's lapel are bred by himself—but there is no truth in the suggestion that he works out his handicaps on the observation of snails.

Every man needs a mental let-up, specially one subjected to high-pressure concentration, as in the case of the A.J.C. Handicapper. He gets it amid his blooms. Such sweet forgetfulness as is induced by the toil their cultivation claims refreshes his mind for the more prosaic task of handicapping.

So a plot of sweet peas may be powdered in the poundage accorded a champion—if you are poet enough to conceive the connection.

\* \* \*

Back again to a favourite topic—the travesties committed in the naming of horses, and of which there were many examples among those nominated for the May meeting. It was a relief to come across, Tickle, by Excitement—Pretty Betty (a subtle touch, surely) and Thunderclap, by Excitement—Tinkledell (suggesting a humorous exaggeration). Not so bad was Black Banter by Silverburn—Alabama; or All Agog, by Excitement.

Worst joke of the meeting: You might "strike" a winner from Stephen Cole.

\* \* \*

That gentleman consulting the tips in so many racing sheets was Mr. Doug. Dowdell. I was nearly

offering him my hat to take a dip, by way of variation. I've seen rabbits pulled out of hats before today. Then, why not horses? There's a line of thought for my friend Lower, whose life ambition is to write something on the Higher Thought.

\* \* \*

Mr. Billy Hilderbrandt pulled me aside, reminded me of an occasion last year when we were fellow-



The Chairman presenting a goldmounted whip to W. Cook, rider of Lockray, winner of The James Barnes Plate, 1940.

voyagers with the late Mr. G. W. Carr, then a very sick man, but splendidly optimistic of the chances of his Denis in one of the forthcoming big races.

"Denis didn't win then, but he'll do the trick to-day," said Billy as he walked off toward the ring. I liked his confident air, but Brazandt took my eye.

Vagrant note of a fragrant memory—George Chiene's cigar.

As Colonel Bruxner (Minister for Transport) passed there came a thought: Wonder does he ever dream of horses running on wheels?

Between races, a quick survey of the world with Mr. John Hickey found us both harbouring a strange thought: One country may change a Dictator for a King.

Even if they didn't back many

(or any) winners, Messrs. J. R. Hardie and W. C. Douglass had a great day in the sun. Placing of that particular seat in the official stand represents the work of genius.

Suggestion: Why not here and there seats into which punters might collapse limply?

Before the James Barnes Plate, Mr. Reg. Alderson was given the cue by Mr. W. Longworth.

Ted Gillin must have a new system. I accompanied him while he collected on a winner from two bookmakers; then he said: "What do you think—I lost a quid on that race!"

At one stage I thought of taking a lien on Dave Craig's stick.

The challenge on the road home: "What won the last?" could be answered by Mr. Frank Goldberg with greater certainty than by most racegoers, for usually he succeeds at the end of the day, however rockily he may have started off. More than once he has helped me to recover by that happy knack.

Many were dumped by The Winger.

Lew Deer told me that he had picked out his eyrie in the official stand so that he might more easily see his selection winning each race.

Oldest record in the official race book:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles,  $4.39\frac{3}{4}$ , Trenton, 4 years, 9st., Flemington, November, 1885.

We all felt that James Barnes was present in spirit when at a gathering of members in the club room the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) presented a trophy to Mr. E. E. Hanslow, owner of the winner of the James Barnes Plate, and a whip to the rider, W. Cook. On the previous occasion Mr. Barnes had been among us, and made one of his happiest speeches. The race and the subsequent function will be among the reminders of himself and his great work for the club in other years. -THE CLUB MAN

## A Horse Lover's Career

Anyone with an eye for a highquality horse will be attracted to the picture on this page of Innes Stepper, with his owner, Mr. Harald Baker, in the box seat. In England, Innes Stepper won at the Hackney Horse Show and at the Richmond Horse Show as a gelding in harness. He was imported to New pieces and was withdrawn from the championship.

That is only part of the story of Harald Baker's career as breeder, buyer and seller. It is a career not known as generally as his prowess in the amateur realm of sport, particularly as footballer, swimmer and boxer.



Mr. Harald Baker driving Innes Stepper.

Zealand, and is the present harness champion of that country.

Mr. Baker imported him to win the harness championship at the Royal Sydney, but he became very ill three weeks before the show. Although sent to a veterinary hospital, he could not be made to eat. Mr. Baker managed to show him once, and collected first prize for buggy horse, but then he went to While he scarcely attained the pinnacle scaled by Reg. L. (Snowy) as an all-rounder, Harald's record is too distinguished in itself to need shine in the reflected glory of his brother's achievements.

The "horse" in both comes from their father, whose family in Ireland have for hundreds of years bred, broken, schooled, and sold Irish hunters in a big way. Snowy and Harald learnt their horsemanship as small boys riding racehorses every morning in the old days on Rose Bay beach, where the horses were worked.

Reg. L. is now one of the leading polo players in America, and the foregoing story better than anything else answers the question so frequently put to both: "Where did you learn to ride?"

Harald has won 197 ribbons in metropolitan and country shows, including champion harness horse of Queensland seven years in succession. Greatest of all, he has proved himself a great horse lover.

#### **GOLF NOTES**

The next outing of Tattersall's Golf Club will be held at the N.S.W. Club on Thursday, 13th June.

A Stableford event has been set down for decision, and arrangements have been made to accommodate a large crowd.

The executive is planning a big day and feel sure that the support given during the past will be forthcoming again on the 13th June.

Many new members have been introduced since last outing, and as many as wish to attend are warmly welcome and assured of a very enjoyable day.

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## RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. J. D. Murray, of Canowindra.

Canowindra, a Western town in N.S.W., is famed for its rich soil, lucerne patches, occasional floods and narrow main street. It is also famed for one of the best known rural characters in the whole State—J. D. ("Dan") Murray.

Go where you will, from Mount Victoria to the Bland, and away back o' beyond, you will find evidence of Dan Murray having been there previously. You will also learn of the high esteem in which he is held.

"You have to be friendly if you live in Canowindra," they will tell you, "because people on one side of the road can shake hands with those on the other side without moving from the footpath!"

It may not be as bad as that, but one thing is certain—you motorists will never be fined for making a third line of traffic in the main thoroughfare of "Dan's Land." That is the atmosphere in which Dan has lived through the years. Successful in business, he enjoys the goodwill of everyone with whom he comes in contact, and, with a couple of sons now carrying on the good work, our member is able to spend a modicum of time in Sydney, to the great joy of his associates.

Possessed of rare judgment in rural matters, Dan's opinion is sought far and wide, and many a big deal involving thousands of pounds has been clinched on his say-so. Added to geniality in marked degree, higher praise would be impossible.

Mr. Tom Cox, of Jervis Bay.

Tom Cox, of Links House, Jervis Bay, had a keen eye to business when the Federal Government decided to throw its Naval Reserve on the open market. He tendered for and secured an ideal spot where fellow members may now repair to tone up the jaded nerves and send the elixir of life dancing throughout the debilitated system.

"Tommy," as he is known to close associates, is fully alive to the duties of a host, and is never happier than when at the helm of his launch taking a party equipped with rod and reel to make warfare with finny creatures of the deep, or demonstrating the difficult approach from the tee to the fifth hole on the golf course adjoining his property.

A man of broad outlook, he is well placed. By standing on his front verandah and facing east he has the entire Pacific Ocean to gaze upon!

When not engaged in the playtime caprices herein mentioned, "T.C." hies to the city to pass the time of day with old friends and, maybe, have a tilt at the "Ring" on our principal courses, where, as in other spheres, he is popular on all sides.

Born at Nowra, Tom knows every inch of our glorious South Coast, and is highly entertaining and instructive when extolling its virtues.

# TREAT YOURSELF I TO-DAY

AND YOUR FRIENDS, TOO, FOR THAT MATTER, TO A BOTTLE OF AUSTRALIA'S FINEST LIGHT WINE. AS A DINNER WINE IT IS WITHOUT COMPARISON. YOU CANNOT FAIL TO ENJOY



CHATEAU BELMONT SAUTERNES CHATEAU BELMONT

## **Ancient Trade and Inn Signs**

(By L. M. Braybrooke)

The study of ancient signs takes us back to the earliest periods of civilisation.

Long before writing had been invented thoughts were communicated by means of rough drawings. Even to-day in the cities of Eastern countries signs of inns and shops are not required, as the trades are each confined to certain streets, or to certain rows in the various bazaars. Walk in the Souks of Tunis, for example, and you will see the squatting among Arabs goods, drinking endless small cups of heavily sweetened black coffee, and surrounded by brilliantly coloured silk materials. One passes row after row of these, and then on to a strong scent of perfumes of variegated flowers, with no need for a sign, on further to a narrow souk filled with jewellers with their wares, and so on.

The Romans were probably the first to make use of a sign to give names to their streets. At a later period the Roman artificers had their tools as the sign of their houses. Thus, we may conclude that our forefathers adopted the inn and shop signs from the Romans, to indicate inns and shops by the wayside, and in devices towns certain would doubtless be adopted to attract the attention of the wayfarer; a cross, an angel or the figure of a saint to attract the Christian pilgrim, the sun and moon for a pagan.

With the growth of civilisation these simple signs gave place to coats of arms and crests over the doors of inns. One reason for this was that, in the Middle Ages, and in the absence of the family, the houses of the nobility were often used as hostelries for travel-

lers and the family crest or arms always hung in front of the house. Naturally, the most striking feature in the arms gave to travellers, who were for the most part ignorant of the mysteries of heraldry, a name to the house. Thus a lion gules or azure became the Red or Blue Lion. Innkeepers soon began to adopt these signs and improve on them, as did the shopkeepers. They exhausted both the animal kingdom and the vegetable king-

to outvie one another in the colours and the size of their signs, until a law was passed which forbade signs to extend over the King's highway.

It was the practice among booksellers to have a woodcut of their signs for the colophon of their books so that their shops might be known, and thus prevent infringement. The sign was the most valued of possessions, and was handed down from father to son



Once a popular sign, the Five Alls at Marlborough.

dom to find appropriate signs for their wares.

As the number of houses and shops increased, signs became more complicated. While there was only one hatter, or one dairyman, in the village, a hat or goat painted over the door was sufficient, but when there were several of the same trade, other devices had to be resorted to.

There was little variety in the different signs as the artist would be the same employed for the whole town, and there could be little imagination to draw from. Since most of the pictorial representations were more or less of the same device, rural tradesmen sought

as an heirloom, like the coat of arms of the nobility.

Early signs were generally suspended from an iron bar fixed either in the wall of the house or on a post standing in front of it. In both cases the iron work was shaped and ornamented with that taste which characterised the metal work of the Renaissance period. In country towns and villages, where space in the streets permitted, the sign was generally suspended from a kind of triumphal arch standing out in the road and composed partly of iron and partly of wood. Many were ornamented with carvings and colouring and some were real works of art.

The White Hart was the commonest of all signs, and the hart is to be found represented crowned, collared and chained and lying under a tree. The most famous hart sign was used to form an arch spanning the street at Scole, in Norfolk. It was erected in 1655 and cost over a thousand guineas. It was taken down in 1795.

At one time innkeepers were compelled by law to have a sign and a certain Florence North, in



The Bear and Baculus at Warwick. This is said to be the original of the many signs showing a bear with staff.

the year 1393, was "presented" for not putting up a sign. With other trades, however, the hanging up of a sign was optional.

During the Civil War signs sometimes played an important part. At the death of Charles I., for instance, the poet John Taylor, an ardent Royalist, boldly showed his opinion of that set by taking as a sign for his alehouse in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre, the Mourning Crown. But he was soon compelled to take it down.

Richard Flecknoe, in his "Oenigmatical Characters 1665," tells us how many of the Puritans were shocked at anything savouring of Popery: "as for the signs, they have pretty well begun their reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of our Lady into the Soldier and Citizen, and the Catherine Wheel into the Cat and the Wheel."

After the Great Fire, in 1666, many of the houses that were rebuilt adopted signs carved in stone and mostly painted in gilt. These were let into the front of the house, beneath the windows of the first floor, and took the place of the former wooden signboards projecting on to the streets. In those streets left untouched by the fire, however, the old order of things continued, greatly to the discomfort and inconvenience of the foot The street being so passengers. narrow, and the signs projecting so far out on either side, the unfortunate wayfarer was often deluged with rain falling off the signboards. At length, Charles II. issued an act



St. Peter's Finger, Lytchett Minster.

forbidding all sign boards to hang across the street. They were to be fixed against the balconies or to some convenient part of the side of the house.

It was in Westminster that the signboards were first taken down and affixed to the front of the houses. The rest of London soon followed this example, and in a few months all the parishes were cleared of signboards and signposts.

Nevertheless, a few of the old signs have come down to us, and some of these have been immortalised in literature.

The sign of St. Peter's Finger, at Lytchett Minster, Dorset, is believed to be a corruption of "St. Peter and Vincula," and it is suggested that the old church, which was burned down, bore this title. The only other so named in England is at Dowdley, Wilts.

("The Field.")

#### FRIENDSHIP!

We talk of our friends when we mean, in many instances, our acquaintances. It is one of those polite extravagances that survive, though so often falsified by fact. If you think otherwise, take the fingers of your right hand and count your friends; then discover how many continue on to the digits of the left hand.

Friendship is more than a cordial "good day," a surface geniality, a get-along-together-well feeling, a willingness to oblige, and "here's luck" over the bar. Friendship is the masculine gender of love; it's the rugged brother of what women address as affection; often it's not the giving of a great cheque, but the saying of a kind word—and meaning it.

A certain friend in things uncertain—that also is another manifestation of one of the cardinal virtues: Friendship. The fellow who wrote: "When you're climbing the hill of success may you never meet a friend," was half-philosopher, half-cynic. His reference was to acquaintances masquerading as friends; an oblique observation, maybe, but such is the language of diplomacy.

\_THE CLUB MAN

# For Better Health HELIDON SPA

- \* A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs . . . . . rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- \* HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity...
  improves digestion . . . helps to purify
  the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily,
  Helidon Spa makes up for some of the
  deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the
  palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky
  or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

## HELIDON SPA

For Better Health

## What's In a Name?

(Donald Barton, in "Natural History, U.S.A.")

The frequency of the surname "Smith" in England and America is due largely to the great boom in the blacksmith business during the Middle Ages. In numbers and approximate social position, smith was the service station mechanic of his day. But he was less specialised. Not only armour, but the prosaic plough and horseshoe, as well as iron collars and bracelets for the identification of serfs and bondsmen, were fashioned at his forge. The popularity of this profession produced a prodigious number of John-the-Smiths who, of course, eventually became plain John Smith.

Traditionally, Jones has always run Smith a close second in frequency of occurrence. Not associated with any trade, Jones belongs to that group of names known as matronymics (mother - names)—which means that in mediaeval times, when marital relations were often lax, illegitimate children often resorted to the name of their female parent. Jones comes from Joan, and really means Joan's son.

This does not necessarily throw a bar sinister across the entire Jones escutcheon, for so much caprice entered into the adoption of surnames when they first became required by law that three brothers might often have different ones—the first, say, taking his from their father, the second from the mother and the third simply from something that struck his fancy.

Use of the English surname can be dated most conveniently from the "immigration" of a large number of belligerent Frenchmen under the leadership of William the Conqueror, who took over the country and split it up among them. The famous Domesday Book, the first English census, resulted from the desire of William and his henchmen to secure a record of the population in order to discover who were the land holders and to estimate the potential tax yield.

Accordingly, a flock of ward heelers of their day, who had learned a little penmanship in the monasteries, travelled the length and breadth of the land recording their own interpretation of the nickname, trademark or landmark which the bewildered peasantry stammered out in a desperate effort to fulfil this (to them) incomprehensible need for personal identification. Nor is it any wonder that with clerks largely French, and peasants largely illiterate, these names were often spelt six ways from Sunday.

Names of rank, names of games, names having to do with dress, cooking or church officials—all found their way into the Domesday Book. Here are some names based on positions in the feudal system of government alone: Burgess, Sheriff, Canon, Clark, Chamberlain, Deacon, Chaplin, Stewart, Woodrow (the latter from Woodreeve, an official whose duties included guarding the noble's woods from marauding peasants).

Another, and in fact earlier, adventure of William the Conqueror's in nomenclature was the Roll of Honour. This was a record of those Frenchmen who fell in battle during the conquest of England. This Roll of Honour was destroyed as a result of Henry VIII.'s bolt from the Roman Church. Previously, the not altogether scrupulous historian Leland had copied out the names from this list, so that after the destruction of the original his was the only remaining record. It appears, however, that the savant had been amenable to a little palmgreasing by the social climbers of that era, so that the document is interlarded with spurious names that were never known to be included in the original.

The exact number of these interlopers is known only to God and to Leland, but the quite probable "legitimate" names include Alincourt, D'Arcy, D'Aubigny (modern Dabney), Banister, Bohun (modern Boone), de Bure (modern Bowers), de Brionne (modern Brian, Bryan, Bryant), de Farrars (modern Ferris, Ferrar), Grenville, Harcourt, Lascels and Lascelles (modern Scales), Melville, de Perci (modern Percy), St. Clair (Modern Sinclair), de Vesey, de Vere, de Warenne.

There are nowadays many people who like to pride themselves secretly or otherwise, on names that appear to descend from the upper crust of feudal society. People with names like Duke, Earl, Abbot, Bishop, King, etc., are accustomed to think of themselves as descendants of individuals who actually occupied these positions in the feudal hierarchy.

But if there be any humble Sowdens present, let them be assured that they are quite as aristocratic in line of descent as their condescending neighbours. For Sowden or Souden is simply a corruption of Sultan, and Sultan, however strange a name it may seem for some "Shropshire lad" of the Middle Ages, is nevertheless as redolent of Yorkshire pudding as Tommy Atkins.

Here's the rub. Dukes, Kings, Princes, Earls, Sultans and many another titular name are all makebelieve. They were the roles played by actors in the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages!

After their separation from the Church, these plays were staged by theatrical guild members, each of whom acted the same part over and over again. To the ingenious illiterates who thronged around the movable "pageant" (stage), the man and the part became one, and it was not long before honest, aledrinking Roger who always played one of the Three Wise Men (sages),

(Continued on page 20.)

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## Billiard Tournament

250 Up

FIRST PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £15

SECOND PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £6

THIRD PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £4

## Snooker Tournament

All Heats to be decided on One Game only Semi-Finals and Finals best Two out of Three Games.

FIRST PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £15

SECOND PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £6

THIRD PRIZE - - - - Trophy valued £4

The above Tournaments will be played in the Billiard Room and will commence on

### TUESDAY, 9th JULY, 1940

ENTRIES close at 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 17th JUNE, 1940 Handicaps, 21st June; Acceptances, 28th June; Draw, 1st July

Entrance Fee for each Tournament, 2/6. Acceptance Fee for each Tournament, 2/6.

Four days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit in the First Round; thereafter players will be given three days' notice.

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round.

The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament.

To suit the convenience of members, games will be arranged for afternoon or evening. Any member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps or acceptances.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

## Billiards and Snooker

As announced in last issue, the annual billiards and snooker tournaments are now engaging attention.

A start will be made on July 9 in both sections, and prize money has been fixed on the identical scale of last year. Everything is being arranged to suit the convenience of members, and heats will be playable afternoon or night by arrangement. A large entry should reward the efforts of officials.

In the snooker section, all heats will be one game and handicaps allotted will be for one game.

and C.C. (England) will obtain.

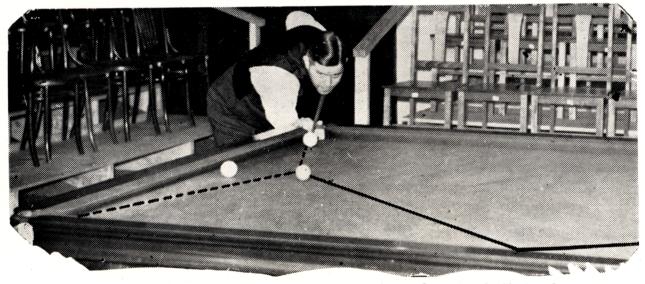
The Origin of Billiards.

In a recent issue it was stated that modern billiards came into being in the early part of the 17th Century. Actually it was 1790 or thereabouts before the third ball (the red) was introduced. Prior to that only two balls were used, and the game consisted of winning or losing hazards with each score counting one point and the game being twelve up.

To France must be given the honour of adding the red, and the game, for a time, became known as cramterly control of the nerves. It demands a keen sense of balance, timing and judgment of distance. All these qualities are indispensable assets a boxer must have."

So with footwork, as Harvey explains. "It is useless to deliver a blow when off-balance. One must learn to place the feet in correct position automatically, so that the aim is fortified by true delivery." Harvey is certainly correct.

Unfortunately the enthusiasm of beginners at billiards is not curbed until they are taught essentials. Far too many "hit round corners," and



Where patience is a virtue. With the balls in the position shown the cueist should, for the moment, ignore the second white. He should concentrate on the cross-loser and forcing the red into handy position over the centre pocket. In reality the second white is ideally placed for a big break.

In the semi-finals and final, best two out of three games will decide the issue, and the handicap will prevail in each frame. The system gives every player a chance to redeem himself should, in the first game, all the good fortune go one way. It is useless to build an unbeatable lead. The scores do not carry forward. Under the old system when aggregate scores decided the issue, it was possible for a player to enjoy a glorious fluking period early and make his position almost impregnable by other means than skill. Now contestants are levelled down after each game. In every case the Official Rules of the B.B.

boles (cannons) and, as players gained proficiency "fifty up" and "one hundred up" became the order of the day, but, as late as 1830, the two-ball game was predominant.

To Improve One's Game.

Len Harvey, champion boxer of England, and who is quite above the ordinary as a snooker player, has had quite a lot to say of late regarding stance at the billiard table.

Harvey says, inter alia: "Actually, I attribute any snooker skill I may possess to my peculiar profession. Potting demands perfect coordination between hand and eye. It calls for keen sight, intense concentration, swift thinking and mas-

in fully ninety per cent. of cases the aim is synthetic and imaginative—a calculation based on wrong premises. The late John Roberts had an ideal system for beginners. "Make up your mind exactly where you are going to aim at the object ball before you get down to play the shot. In doing so, you are much more likely to get down correctly and comfortably, which will often avoid body sway on the shot."

An interesting experiment can be made by the veriest novice; place a ball on the billiard spot and the cue-ball in the centre of the D and aim with the intention of striking

(Continued on page 20.)

## RACING FIXTURES

#### 1940.

#### JUNE.

Canterbury Park	Saturday	, 1st
Ascot	Wednesday,	5th
A.J.C. (Warwick F	Farm), Sat.,	8th
Rosebery	Wednesday,	12th
Australian Jockey	Club, Sat.,	15th
Australian Jockey (	Club, Mon.,	17th
Kensington	Wednesday,	19th
Rosehill	Saturday,	22nd
Victoria Park	Wednesday,	26th
Canterbury Park	. Saturday,	29th

#### JULY.

Ascot Wednesde	ay, 3rd
Kensington Saturdo	ау, бth
Rosebery Wednesda	y, 10th
Moorefield Saturday	y, 13th
Kensington Wednesday	, 17th
Canterbury Park Saturday	, 20th
Victoria Park Wednesday	, 24th
Rosebery Saturday	, 27th
Ascot Wednesday	, 31st

#### AUGUST.

Moorefield Saturday,	3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon.,	5th
Rosebery Wednesday,	7th

#### AUGUST—Continued.

7.000.		
Rosehill	Saturday,	10th
Kensington	Wednesday,	14th
Victoria Park	Saturday,	17th
Ascot	Wednesday,	21st
Moorefield	Saturday,	24th
Victoria Park	Wednesday,	28th
A.J.C. (Warwick	Farm), Sat.,	31st

#### SEPTEMBER.

Rosebery	Wednesday	, 4th
Canterbury Park	Saturday	, 7th
Kensington V	Wednesday,	11th
Tattersall's Club	Saturday,	.14th
Victoria Park V	Wednesday,	18th
Rosehill	Saturday,	21st
A.J.C. (Warwick Fa	rm), Wed.,	25th
Hawkesbury	Saturday,	28th

#### OCTOBER.

Ascot		Wedn	esday,	2nd
Australian	Jockey	Club,	Sat.,	5th
Australiarı				
	(	Eight-F	lours	Day)
Australian	Jockey	Club,	Wed.,	9th
Australian	Jockey	Club,	Sat.,	12th
Rosebery		Wedn	esday,	16th
City Tatte	rsall's	Satu	ırday,	19th
Kensington		Wedne	esday,	23rd
A.J.C. (W	arwick l	Farm),	Sat.,	26th
Victoria Po	ark	Wedne	esday,	30th

#### NOVEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
Ascot Wednesday, 6th
Canterbury Park Saturday, 9th
Rosebery Wednesday, 13th
Rosehill Saturday, 16th
Kensington Wednesday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd
Rosebery Monday, 25th
Howkesbury Wednesday, 27th
Rosehill Saturday, 30th

#### DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick	Farm), Wed.,	4th
A.J.C. (Warwick	Farm), Sat.,	7th
Victoria Park	Wednesday,	11th
Rosehill	Saturday,	14th
Ascot	Wednesday,	18th
Australian Jockey	Club, Sat.,	21st
Australian Jockey	Club, Thurs., (Boxing	

Tattersall's Club .... Saturday, 28th (In aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.)

#### 1941

#### JANUARY.

Tattersall's Club .... Wednesday, 1st

There's nothing to compare with the mellow mildness of Club Reil Cigars. Their fragrant aroma will please you. Made of selected, rich Havana leaf and specially blended to suit the Australian palate. The smoke of the connoisseur!

DISTRIBUTORS:



## POOL SPLASHES

Like all sportsmen, swimmers and surfers are rallying to the cause of Empire, and latest to join up is Australia's star swimmer, Robin Biddulph, who has joined the Air Force, and is to go into camp at any time.

The big Manly lad looked sure to get a trip to the Olympic Games which were originally set down for Japan and later for Finland, but warring nations took a hand, and instead of fighting out sporting battles on the tracks and in the pools, the athletic flower of the nations has sterner and bloodier battles to wage.

Biddulph, the likeable young giant, will go away with the best wishes of the swimming world, and will as worthily uphold Australia's name in war as he has always done in the sporting world.

Another prominent swimmer at present in camp with the A.I.F. is Eric Fox, an ex-N.S.W. breast-stroke champion, who is having his second campaign, as he served with the artillery in the last war with distinction, winning the Military Medal.

Bill Fleming, champion of Queensland, and one of the speediest sprinters Australia has produced, has already left for overseas.

Owen Griffiths, who represented N.S.W. in many Australian championships, and was an Australian champion surfer, wears a naval uniform, and Carl Jeppeson, captain of Bondi Surf Club, is another ready for camp.

To these few names can be added scores of lesser lights in the swimming and surfing worlds who are doing their bit, and we have met many veterans of the last war who are itching to get into uniform, but in most cases they will have to do their bit at home, as Old Man Time has the big say.

The Swimming Club enters its last month but one of the present season in June, and still we have to record a stirring tussle for the Dewar Cup. Positions have not changed since the last issue of the magazine. George McGilvray still holds his lead, but he is still being closely pressed.

George Goldie has dropped out of the tussle owing to indisposition, but Murphy continues to creep up, and is now only nine points behind the leader. As "Mick" missed a number of races early in the season, his position is a very creditable one and he is far from beaten.

To the Dewar Cup points given below there still have to be added points which will be gained in the final of a 40 yards handicap, for which Edwards, Murphy, Partridge, and Dexter have qualified.

To date, scorers of over 40 points are:—

G. McGilvray  $125\frac{1}{2}$ , C. Godhard  $123\frac{1}{2}$ , J. Dexter  $120\frac{1}{2}$ , W. S. Edwards  $117\frac{1}{2}$ , N. P. Murphy 116, T. H. English  $106\frac{1}{2}$ , A. S. Block 100, G. Goldie  $97\frac{1}{2}$ , V. Richards  $68\frac{1}{2}$ , I. Stanford 65, A. R. Payne 59, B. Partridge 57, R. J. Withycombe 41.

Welcome reappearance of Bruce Partridge in the races was made during the month, and with aid of an added second to his handicaps this good swimmer has made his presence very much felt.

Murphy will win the May Point Score, as even if he scores no points in the final still to be swum at time of writing, the trophy cannot be taken from him. That makes two and a half monthly point scores for him this season.

Just prior to going into hospital for an operation, Vic. Richards raced in a 60 yards Handicap and tied for second place. Vic. is reported to be doing fine. It is bad luck that he has had to give up football, for the fans dearly loved the hard running and tackling Randwick back.

It is rumoured that Frank Carberry is soon to show our swimmers that he is no back number. He appeared in the Pool for a trial gallop in company with his trainer, John Hickey, who reports Frank to be in rare trim.

#### Results.

May 2nd.—40 yards Handicap: C. Godhard (23), 1; N. P. Murphy (25), 2; W. S. Edwards (21), 3. Time, 23 secs.

May 9th.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: B. Partridge and C. Godhard (46), 1; N. P. Murphy and T. H. English (50), 2; A. S. Block and G. McGilvray (46), 3. Time, 45 1/5 secs.

May 16th.—60 yards Handicap: G. McGilvray (36), 1; J. Dexter (37), 2. Time, 36 2/5 secs.

May 23rd.—40 yards Handicap: First Heat—J. Dexter (23), 1; B. Partridge (22), 2; G. McGilvray (22), 3. Time, 23 secs. Second Heat—W. S. Edwards (22) and N. P. Murphy (25), tie, 1; C. Godhard (23), 3. Times, 2 2/5 secs. The result of the final will be published in next issue.

May Point Score:—With a 40 yards final still to be decided to complete it, the leaders in this series are:—N. P. Murphy, 22½ points; C. Godhard, 21½; G. McGilvray, 20; J. Dexter, 19; W. S. Edwards, 17½; B. Partridge, 17; T. H. English, 15; A. S. Block, 14.

## The Traditions, The Spirit and The Rules

(By J. B. Thompson, in "Golf in Australia")

While a well-known northern gentleman and I were discussing with one another the reading of a certain definition, "Sandy Tee" informed us that we were leaving out everything that mattered — "the whole thing in a nutshell, the spirit of the game." The weakness in the stories he quotes — one of which I have always preferred to discount—is that they make a strong display of sportsmanship at the expense of the spirit.

It would be hard to find anywhere a golfer who would allow his opponent to lift the player's ball out of a bad lie and tee it for him, or who, under any circumstances, would take back a hole which he has legitimately lost. You may play to the spirit of golf and be a perfect sportsman, but you cannot be a perfect sportsman and not play to the spirit. And you may only play to the spirit by playing to the rules, for the spirit and the traditions are inseparably wrapped up with the rules. "Unwritten rules" may be disregarded here, for they can refer only to incidents of such rare occurrence as to be almost negligible.

The "sportsman" who does not know the rules is the most undesirable of opponents, as a good many of you have found. Now, all of those interested in the game know that, for almost countless years, there were no written rules of golf, and as it was played only by those steeped in its traditions and spirit, they may have been unnecessary. In any case, there was no organisation to frame them, and so matters went on until well on towards the end of last century, when the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews was asked to take the matter in hand. It was being found, or had long ago been found, that playing golf by

"tradition" resulted in far too many unpleasant incidents and was altogether unsatisfactory, and so the Rules of Golf, as we know them, came into being.

The rules are not a penal code as many appear to think, but are simply a straight out description of the only way in which the game can be played. You can easily imagine what some of the old "rules be damned" school were like at the card-table—quite a different story—but why should it be? In *Badminton*, in 1890, a great golfer wrote, "If we do not play golf by the rules of golf, by what are we to be guided?"

In olden days there were many unpleasant scenes and arguments on the links that could not possibly occur now that we have rules. Just a small example. Some caddies were so expert and so active in following the ball and shielding it from the wind that much bad feeling was aroused at times. This was all done away with by what is now Rule 29 (2), which has practically no meaning to the present-day golfer.

Although I am taking up too much room, I feel sure that many readers will be interested in a very old story of the disappearance of the golfing spirit. You will note that it should have died many years ago. In an extract from Scott's Magazine, 1744, we read:

"Golf playing on the links of Leith has grievously degenerated from its pristine character. In the days of yore it was conducted with a degree of frank and free hilarity which has long since ceased to animate the modern practice of this manly pastime. The solitary parties of players . . . go through the business of the game with a coldness

and heartlessness of manner which sufficiently indicates that the true and ancient spirit of the sport is gone. . . . Matters were differently managed in the last century. . . . Lords of sessions and cobblers, knights, baronets and tailors might be seen earnestly contesting and vehemently but good humouredly discussing moot points of the game as they arose in the course of play."

So you see that well over three hundred years ago they were arguing about the moving ball, and as the debaters were never far from their swords, it seems a pity that it wasn't ended.

#### **BRITISH FAREWELLS**

"Well, sir, I must be shoving off; Thanks . . . for everything . . . you know."

"Yes, son . . . the best of luck . . . I'd like to see this show!"

"Ah, Robin, lad, you'll not forget To wear your woollen socks? For me you're just a wee bit bairn A'playing with your blocks!"

"Well, Squirt, so long! Take care of Mom, And ride the mare a bit; I may need her for the hunting, And you must keep her fit!"

"Sweetheart, there's the whistle!
Chin up, my girl, and smile!
I'll get leave by Christmas;
That's only half a while!"

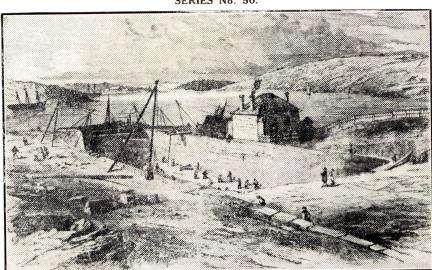
"Good-bye, son, God keep you, You'll write . . . and let us know?"

"Surely, Mother, darling . . .
Good-bye . . . and cheerio!"

From "The Chicago Tribune," U.S.A.

## The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature. SERIES No. 50.



Exeavations in the building of Mort's Dock

#### THOMAS SUTCLIFFE MORT

TURNING now from the stories of the development of the various industries (which have been treated upon in recent articles of this series) we pay attention to the outstanding personalities who have figured in the commercial history of New South Wales. None has better claim to priority of treatment in this sphere than Thomas Sutcliffe Mort, who was by far the most versatile, ambittous and capable of all the early pioneers of commerce in Australia. Mort's versatility was possibly the most unusual feature of his career. While some men succeed brilliantly in one or two fields, Mort succeeded in almost every enterprise in which he was interested, with his interests involved in such widely differing activities as engineering and dairy farming. Although Mort amassed a considerable fortune as the result of his labours, he was by no means selfish in his motives. It is only natural that he would consider his personal gain when planning his various enter prises, but at the same time he always kept prominently in mind the ultimate benefit to the ad vancement of New South Wales, and the general TURNING now from the stories of the de-

wancement of New South Wales, and the general welfare of the public

T. S. MORT was a native T. S. MORT was a native of Lancashire, and came to Australia in 1838 at which time he was about twenty-two years of age. His first employers in Sydney were Aspinwall, Brown and Co. and their successors Cosling, Brown & Co. He was with these two firms for a period of some five years during which he was em-

of some five years, during which he was employed as clerk and salesman. Even while so employed, Mort entered into what was his first energiation of any investment. so employed, Mort entered into what was his first speculation of any importance, when, in 1841, he invested in the Hunter River Steam Navigation Company, which was later to become the Australasian Steam Navigation Company. The severe financial depression of the 'forties left Mort without employment, and he was forced to start in business for himself. He decided to open pusiness as an auctioneer and devoted an business for himself. He decided to open business as an auctioneer and devoted an enormous amount of effort to making a success of this new work, often he worked from fifteen to eighteen hours a day during the early years of establishing this business It was as a result of this type of endeavour that Mort became interested in the selling of TUCKER & CO. LIMITED

wool, and established the first public wool sales in Australia. In 1849 he entered into the project of building the first railway to Parramatta, and in 1851 was responsible for forming the Great Nugget Vein Mining Company which, as described in the last article of this series, was the first company to interest itself in the working of the great gold reefs in New South Wales.

A NOTHER of his great enterprises, and one which demonstrated his capacity for thinking years ahead of his rivals, was the construction of what was later to become known as Mort's Dock, on Waterview Bay Not only did this work provide Sydney with the largest privately owned dry dock in the Southern Hemisphere, but around it grew up one of the greatest engin-

one of the greatest engineering projects of Sydney at that period In addi-tion to this, Mort was vitally interested in the introduction of steam vessels for coastal trade, and did much to pioneer such trading. At the same time as this great enterprise was coming into full proas this great enterprise was coming into full prominence, Mort purchased some 14,000 acres of land on the Tuross River, where, with later additions of land, he established his famous Bodalla Estate. This became the model farm of New South Wales, and supplied other lairy farmers with a great amount of useful knowledge in the many problems which beset them in the successful development of the frozen meat export industry, and did an enormous amount of work to pave the way for its successful development. At the same time, and as a direct result of his endeavours in this field, he was responsible for Sydney having a supply of fresh milk direct from the country, and for a supply of ice during the summer mouths

THOMAS S. MORT died on May 9, 1878 on his Bodalla Estate, and his death was responsible for widespread sorrow throughout the whole of New South Wales. When it was suggested that a statur should be erected to his memory in Macquarie Place all sections of the community responded liberally.

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- THAT Duo · Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.



SYDNEY

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Continued from page 13.)

became Roger le Sage. Thus the present-day Mr. Sage, watering his suburban lawn, is unfortunately not heir presumptive to the wisdom of some hoary mediaeval soothsayer. At best, he might simply inherit the skill to play a part in the local church's Christmas pageant.

Our Mr. Goode, and various combinations like Goodman and Goodwin, probably spring from an ancestor who trod the boards in the exalted role of God. The original John Prince had no royal blood in his veins, nor did William Bishop ever wear other than a stage-prop mitre.

But there is one curious thing about these surviving Miracle Play names. They are almost all favourable. And why not? Which of us cares to perpetuate the fact that our ancestor was a villain, even on the stage? What has become of the descendants of Hugo de Deth (who played the part of Death in the Miracle Plays)? But "Le Demon," by the neat trick of dropping the "de," passed his name on in the guise of a citrus fruit (Lemon).

Yet a few have persisted almost intact. Rarities like Paynor trace to the "Painer" (tormentor or Devil), and at least one of the common variety, Best, has survived—no doubt through the fatuous assumption that it was a superlative. In sober truth, "the Beast"—a "regular" in the stage Hades—seems the more likely derivation.

Sometimes the names arrived at in this way have a cruel sting, and in post-Norman England this very fundamental method of naming had a tremendous vogue. The recorded results range from Walter Alipaunch (all paunch or stomach), Kate Katsmouthe, and John Black-inthemouth (likely a blunt commentary of dental problems of the times), through the many verbal

"activity" names, favourable and otherwise. Few of the latter, for obvious reasons, survive. Thus Drinkdregges, Losewit, Spillewyn, Poorfish, Lapwater, Ralph Sparewater, and that paragon of politicians, William Handeshakere, all signified family "traditions" that few people thought worth preserving.

Another type of name that has become increasingly rare in modern times is the old Biblical name. The Puritan ascendancy in England was characterised by a raid on Old Testament names like Bezaleel, Abijah, etc. Quickly exhausting this grim-sounding treasury, the Roundheads fell greedily on such abstracts as Prudence, Mercy and Charity for women, and names like Lament and Faint-not for men.

#### BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 15.)

the object-ball full. Without making the stroke, alter your aim to make contact, say, fine on the right hand side and you will find, to secure comfortable aim, your feet will move anything from six to twelve inches. "Near enough" is not good enough for billiards. Why all this bother about the subject of stance? Only this: There are players in the novice class today who could improve their game twenty-five per hundred if they would but study body balance allied to aim. Sometimes they do it by accident and, on such occasions, imagine they are having a lucky day, or that they must be feeling particularly well.

Nothing of the sort. Watch the scratch men in our tournaments. They always look comfortable and their aim is natural. One makes bold to bid that if our long markers read, mark, learn and inwardly

#### HANDBALL

The contest for the "Winooka" Trophy will definitely close on 15th June, and as there are many games to be played before that date, players are asked to get busy.

On 1st July the "A," "B" and "C" grade club championships will commence, and the big guns will go into action.

Eddie Davis is putting up a good fight for the "Winooka" Trophy with twenty-three wins and two losses and D. Magnus, who still has many games to play, is building up a nice record with one loss in seventeen games.

But Joe Harris has the edge on them all still with an unbeaten record in twenty-nine games. He has only nine more games to play to finish them all off.

Results to date are:—J. Harris, won 29, lost 0; E. E. Davis, 23-2; B. Partridge, 21-3; J. Buckle, 20-14; D. Magnus, 16-1; E. S. Pratt, 13-7; W. G. Buckle, 13-8; A. E. Rainbow, 13-11; G. McGilvray, 12-8; I. Green, 11-13; Dr. W. Ingram, 10-7; T. H. English, 10-12; W. S. Edwards, 10-12; G. Goldie, 9-5; T. Richards, 9-7; 1. Stanford, 9-11; W. Liebermann, 9-13; L. Webb, 8-3; A. S. Block, 8-10; R. J. Withycombe, 8-16; E. T. Penfold, 7-5; A. R. Payne, 7-10; Z. Lazarus, 6-3; J. N. Creer, 6-13, J. Holmes, 5-2; W. A. Tebbutt, 5-8; H. Solomon, 4-3; R. Pollard, 4-6; N. E. Penfold, 4/6; N. Barrell, 4-14; K. Hunter, 3-6; W. C. Allen, 3-8; R. Tobias, 3-10; H. Wolfson, 3-11; N. P. Murphy, 3-14; F. Mc-Dougall, 1-4; J. Coen, 1-7; C. L. Parker, 1-9; A. Pick, 1-27.

digest what has been written above, and put it into practice, there will be a nice award waiting after the final game is played. No long and tedious practice is required the improvement will be immediate. 'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.

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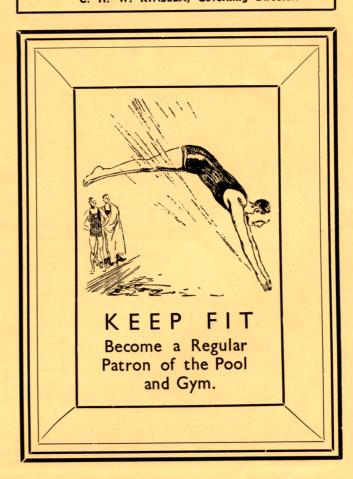
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